First Kiss by boltplum

Series: Harringrove April [1]
Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Basketball, First Kiss, Fluff, Harringrove April, M/M, One Shot
Language: English
Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, The Party (Stranger Things)
Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington
Status: Completed
Published: 2021-04-02
Updated: 2021-04-02
Packaged: 2022-04-01 01:53:38
Rating: Teen And Up Audiences
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,847
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Demodogs have nothing on an angry seventeen year old with a god complex.

First Kiss

Author's Note:

> For Harringrove April! Which is a prompt list put up by @monochromegee and @CherryDreamer0 on Twitter! Going to try to do every day.

“You want to really get back at him for what he did, you have to do something crazy,” Dustin says around a mouthful of waffle. “You have to make him *go* crazy.”

It’s said so matter of fact, like *duh* . Like Steve is an idiot for not having thought of it.

He’s hanging out in the Byers’ basement, waiting for the kids to wrap up their game. He somehow got sucked in, Lucas commanding him to roll the dice. He does.

It lands on something and they cheer. Lucas says, “Whoa, you made it past the first bridge.”

“No way, he got to avoid the troll but I didn’t?” Dustin whines. “That’s bullshit!”

Steve sighs. “Elaborate on crazy.”

El breaks off a piece of waffle and nibbles on it as she contemplates the board. She’s next and from Steve has gathered over the last few months of ferrying the kids around, she’s something of a savant when it comes to board games.

She rolls, the others groan. She smiles and moves her character across the board.

“Define crazy,” Dustin says finally, blinking up at Steve through the dingy lighting of the basement.

“Crazy as in crazier than my step-brother,” Max adds. “His crazy is pretty hard to top.”

Steve snorts. “You can say that again. Look, I just wondered if the guy’s said anything about me lately. He seems to have an even bigger issue with me than he used to, before, well. The bat.”

Max sends him a pointed look. “Billy is Billy. He’s a jerk. He’s just being a jerk to make you fight him again, probably. He lives for fights.”

That doesn’t sound so fun, he thinks.

“I just want the guy to get off my back.” When none of the kids respond to his plea for help, he waves his arms around. “Hello? Earth to the space cadets! You’re all way better at this hijinks bs than me.”

“You want *hijinks* ?” Lucas asks, disbelieving. “Max, would your ever so kind big step-brother respond well to a hijink?”

“A hijink, huh?” she mutters. “We talking one single hijink or multiple?”

“An abundance of hijinkery, perhaps?” Mike pipes up, and Steve drags his hands down his face.

“You have a basketball game soon,” El says in her soft way. “Do something then.”

That, he can work with. “Like what? I can’t really like, sabotage the game or anything. It’s the last one before I graduate.”

“No sabotage,” she says. She regards the board as Will takes his turn. “Do something—”

“That people will talk about!” Max chimes in, her eyes huge. “That’s a great idea, El! Something that he can’t get away from once you leave. Spread a rumor or something.”

Dustin sees Steve’s face. “He’s not a good liar.”

“Hey.”

“Well you aren’t!

Steve rolls his eyes. “I don’t like rumors.” He winces thinking back on the mess with Jonathan and Nancy.

“Make it a surprise then. Surprise him,” El suggests. "Not mean. Just unexpected.”

“Like what?” Steve snorts. And, because his brain always leaps ahead of his tongue, “Get him flowers? That’d be embarrassing.”

Lucas wrinkles his nose. “Lame.”

“Punch him?” Mike suggests next. Steve stares him down. “Okay, no. Then...hug him? That’d be weird! People would tease him for sure about that.”

Steve can’t imagine something less he’d like to do. Especially to Billy Hargrove, resident nails for skin to anyone who wasn’t some blushing girl.

“Veto,” Steve says flatly.

But Dustin’s got a sparkle in his eye. The devious one that usually precedes asking Steve for spare quarters to the arcade or planning some after-hours escape with the kids to go monster hunting.

Both of which Steve vehemently tries his best to shut down before he inevitably gets broken down and has to tag along for the ride.

He kind of feels like this is one of those times.

Dustin grins, big and all gums.

Steve sighs.

“I’ve got the *best* idea…”

—

They’re two points behind.

Billy’s got the basketball in his hand, queued up to take his shot. Steve’s blocking a short guy from rushing him, and Tommy’s got a

kid with taped up glasses on his side—point is, they're going to win.

And he should be happy.

It's his last ever basketball game. He knows he's not good enough to make it on a college team, if he even manages to make it into college in the first place. They're going to win his last game ever and people are silent in the bleachers, holding their breath as Billy makes sure he's perfect—and they'll cheer and the gym will go nuts. There'll be a party at Carol's after. There'll be Tina ready to meet him for some after game celebration. Like always, like it was before he ever started dating Nancy.

It's just.

The thing. The thing Dustin proposed, which the rest of the kids absolutely whomped on, espousing it as the *greatest* , *funniest* idea ever.

It'll be funny, there's no doubt about that. For literally everyone *besides* Steve and Billy. That is, if Steve even goes through with it.

After all, it's nuts.

It's crazy.

It's risking a broken nose at *least* .

But, Steve can't really see the downside even if it does result in a bruise or fifteen.

It he does do what Dustin suggested—it means Steve gets to have the last laugh. Forever.

Billy is a junior. He'll have hell his senior year. The guy who got one-upped by the former king of the school. Not so cool then, after all.

What's Billy going to do? Go to Steve's house? It's not like he's ever been there.

He could lay low for a few weeks into summer. Not a big deal. They have a couple weeks left of class. Steve's just got to watch his back

and rub it in just enough that no one at school forgets what happened.

What Billy let happen. Let himself be the school embarrassment.

Steve's palms tingle as he considers it.

Thinks, holy shit, I'm actually considering it.

Then a whistle blows loud, calling the game. Billy's got his empty hands in fists, punching at the air as he hollers. As the gym erupts in cheers and chaos.

The ball bounces and Steve sees it and the kid he's blocking is swearing his disappointment and—

And holy shit, he's really gotta do this now if he's ever gonna do it.

Steve doesn't think. He pushes his way through to the center of the dogpile, his teammates hounding on Billy like he's God's gift to the earth itself, all for sinking a dunk, and, and—

His blue eyes, lit up big and wide and bright and all on Steve as he comes near, reaches out to clasp Steve's arm in victory. He says, "Harrington! Holy shit did you see—"

And Steve kisses him.

Smacks one on him, right there for everyone to see.

Distantly, Steve can hear Tommy gasping, shouting, cackling, telling Billy in his snotty joking way that he's gonna get the *Harrington special* tonight, and the others are doing much the same and, and—

He can hear the throaty chirp Billy gives when their mouths meet, too hard. Feel how Billy melts, goes lax, just enough that Steve wonders why. Can feel the oncoming tension in the hand that wraps around his other wrist, the way he goes rigid, and then before he can do anything about it, Steve pulls away. Grins.

Licks the pad of his thumb to wipe off some imaginary thing near Billy's lips while his mouth hangs open and his eyebrows twist with—

with *something* .

Says, “You got a little drool there.” Pats Billy on the cheek.

It’s a couple seconds at most.

Steve plays it up. Makes the others laugh. Is the last one to go to the locker room, because he knows what that was on Billy’s face.

Billy’s gonna kill him.

Dammit, Dustin.

—

He showers quick and dresses quicker but it’s still too dark for his tastes when he finally makes it out to his car.

Most everyone has cleared out for the night. The team is gone, all likely already at Carol’s to drink their weight and more in keg stands.

It’s cold too, and Steve just wants to go home. Or, he doesn’t want to go home. He wants to go to the Byers’, where it’s warm and there’s things to do. A family to eat with.

But he has that party to go to.

Steve just wants to sleep.

He chucks his gear in the backseat of the BMW and yanks his door open.

There’s the sound of crunching gravel. A scuff as something hits the ground and is crushed beneath a shoe.

Steve turns. It’s Billy, because who else would it be.

Tiredly, he holds a hand up. “Look. It wasn’t my idea. It was some stupid prank, I never should have—”

Billy doesn’t say a word. His eyes are still so bright even in the dark and Steve doesn’t get that. Guy must have Christmas lights in his skull where all the brain should have gone.

He doesn't want to think about Christmas lights.

If Billy sees him wince, he doesn't mention it. He does step forward, gets so close and in Steve's space he thinks this is it, this is where he really dies.

Demodogs have nothing on an angry seventeen year old with a god complex.

Billy reaches around his back and Steve braces himself.

Flinches when the back door is popped free.

Billy opens it. Gets a fist twisted in his shirt to steer Steve over a few inches. Pushes until Steve is forced to sit in his own backseat, Billy between his outstretched legs.

Steve pushes against his hold and is pushed back for his trouble.

Billy lets go to grab the lip of the door, leaning down to meet Steve's eyes.

"You're really gonna murder me in my own car?" Steve asks. "That's not really smart."

"Says the guy who just locked lips with me in the middle of the entire high school."

"And probably half the city," Steve says, because he's got a big fucking mouth.

But Billy snorts. Laughs even. "You're lucky my old man doesn't go to my games," he says, and to Steve's surprise, hitches a knee up to wedge on the seat.

Far too close to Steve's crotch for him to be entirely cool with.

"Oh yeah?" he breathes out, shuffling back as Billy keeps inching forward. It's not long before Billy's got both hands braced beside Steve's head, one knee dangerously close to his junk and the other on the floor of the seat. "Why's that?"

They’re inches apart and Steve can smell Billy’s breath. Mint. Tobacco.

Like he brushed his teeth after the game.

Billy leans down close, too close. Skates that warm, minty, ashy breath across Steve’s face.

“Because if he did, then I wouldn’t be able to pay you back,” Billy murmurs as he closes the distance once and for all.

And this time, it’s Steve melting against Billy.